

FABLES

ten years on the edge
VERTIGO X

The Eisner Award-Winning Series

issue 17 nov 03

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS
vertigo.com

BILL WILLINGHAM
MARK BUCKINGHAM
STEVE LEIALOHA



1103



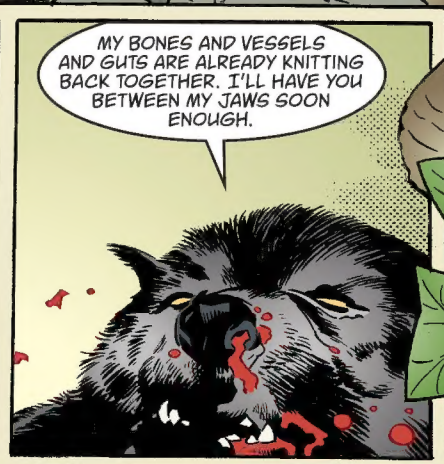
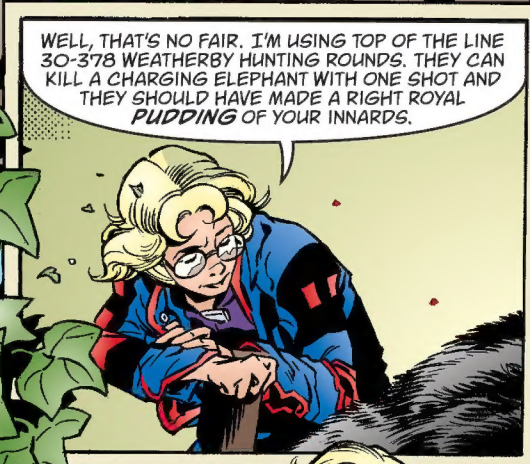
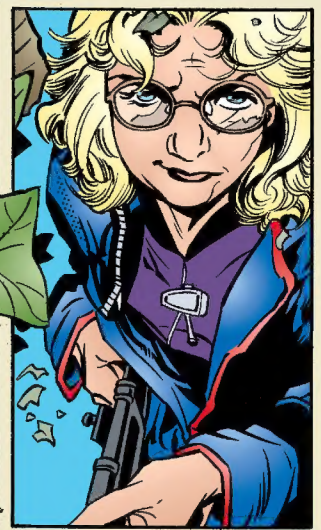
BLAM!

ROAD- RUNNER AND COYOTE UGLY



Bill Willingham
writer/creator
Mark
Buckingham
penciller

Steve
Leialoha *inker*
Daniel Vozzo
color/separations
Todd Klein
lettering
James Jean
cover art
Mariah Huehner
assistant editor
Shelly Bond
editor



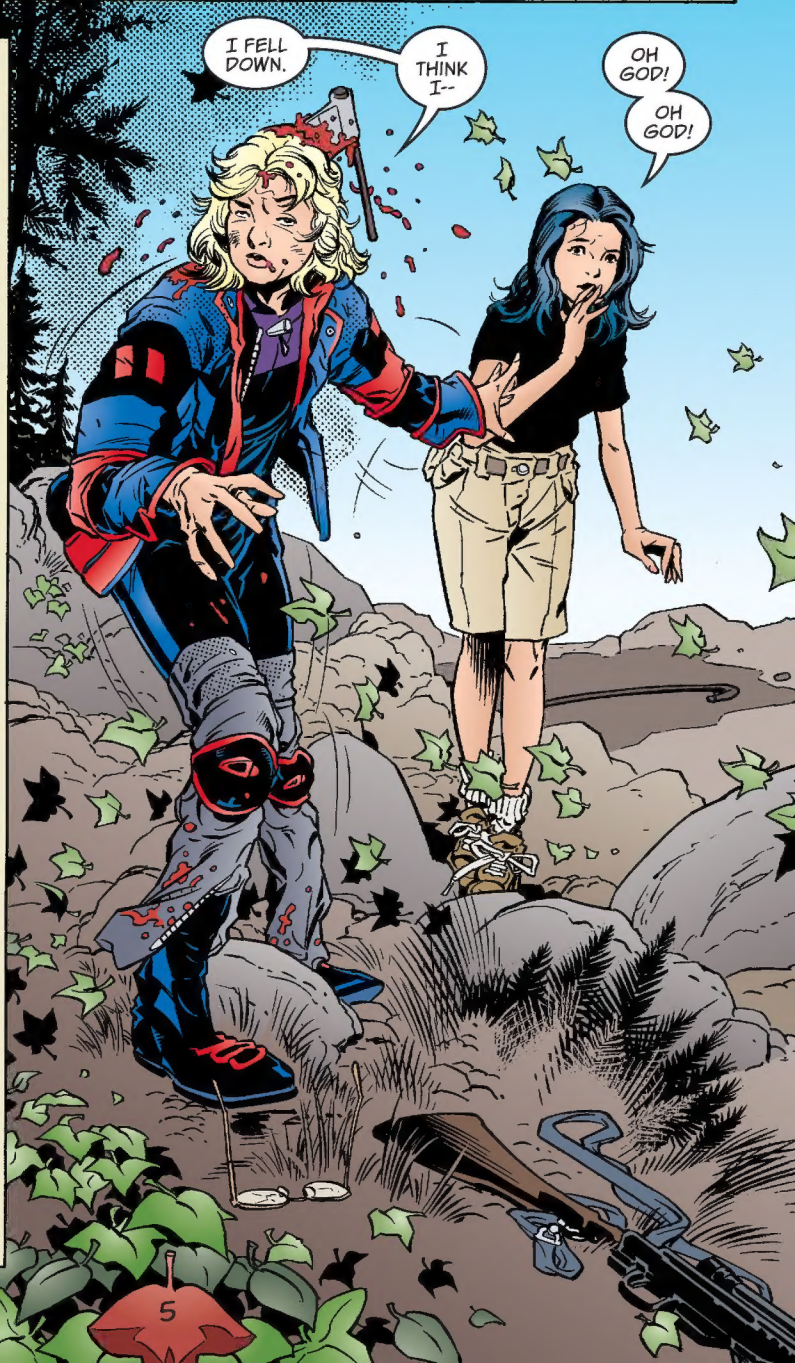
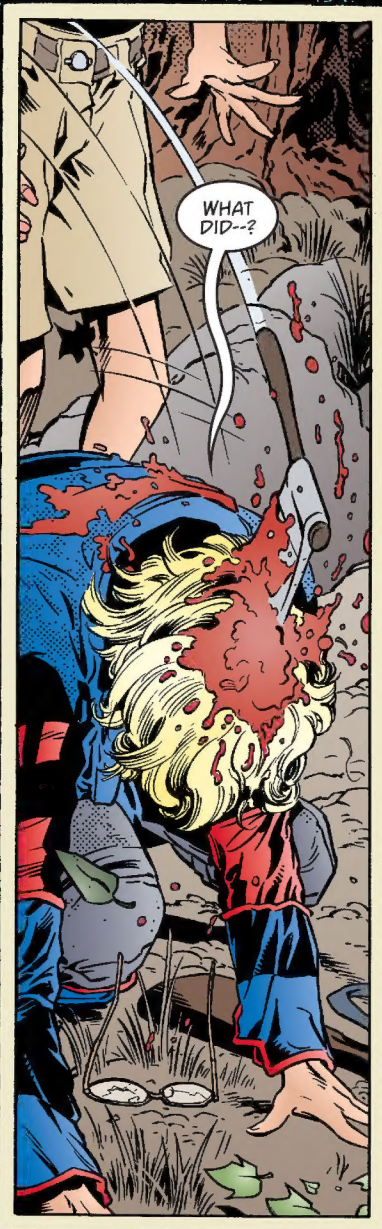
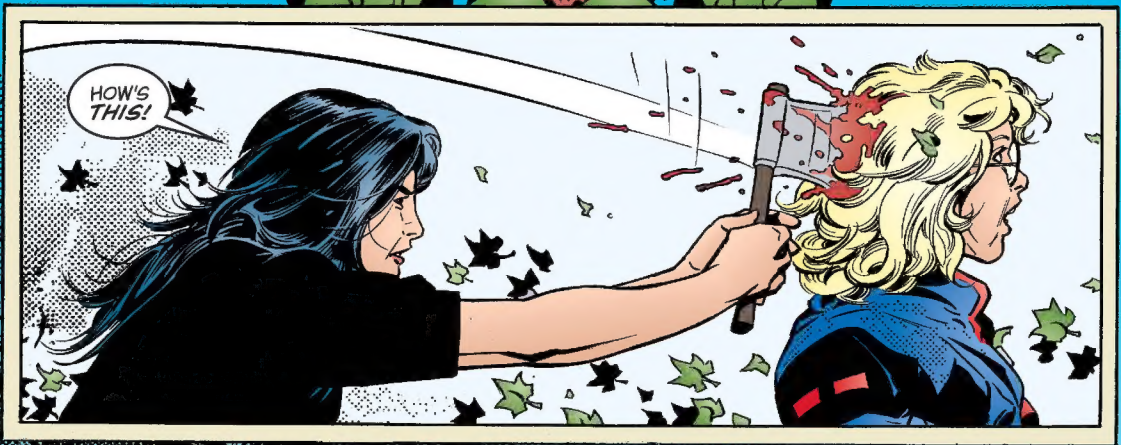
I'M FAR FROM IGNORANT, WOLF. IF I RECALL MY WEREWOLF LORE CORRECTLY, SILVER'S NOT THE **ONLY** THING THAT CAN DESTROY YOU.

FIRE WORKS TOO, RIGHT?

SO I'LL BUILD A NICE BONFIRE--WITH **YOU** IN THE CENTER OF IT.

PAUSING, OF COURSE, TO PUT THE OCCASIONAL **ROUND** IN YOU, TO KEEP YOU NICE AND HELPLESS WHILE I WORK.

HOW'S THAT?



DID I
DROP MY
GLASSES?



WHY
DO I FEEL
SO--

--SNOW!
THERE YOU
ARE!



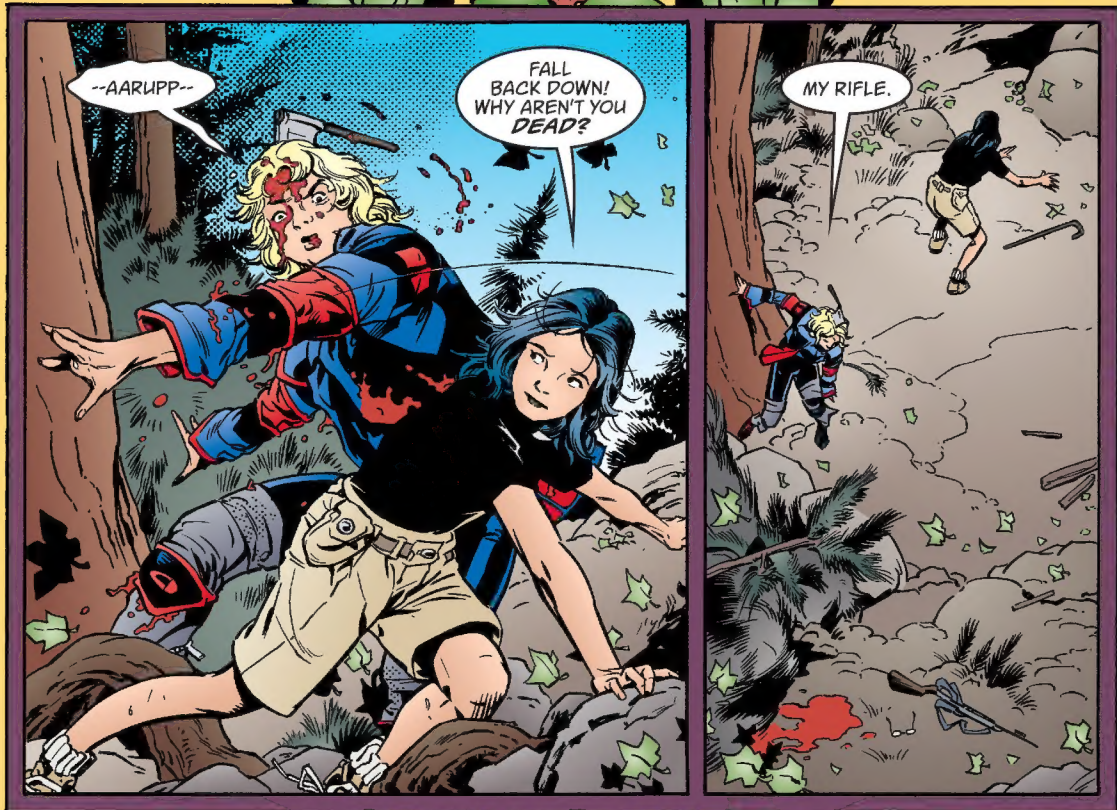
WHY'S
MY HAIR
WET?

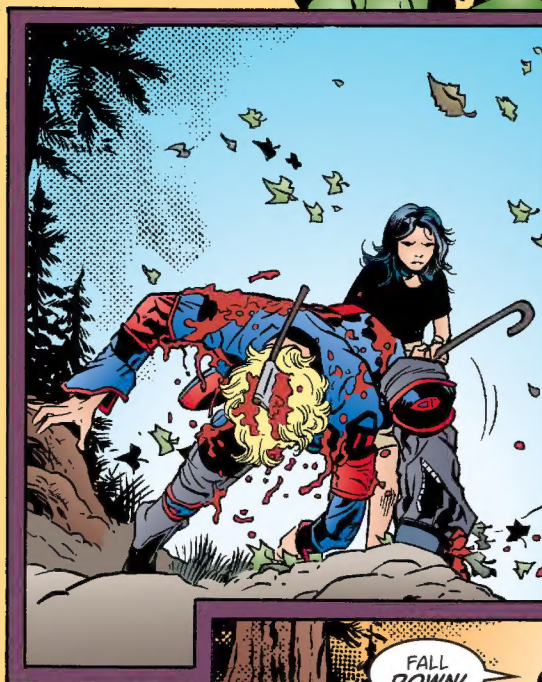
DID
YOU DO
THIS?



WHAT...
DID...YOU...
DO?

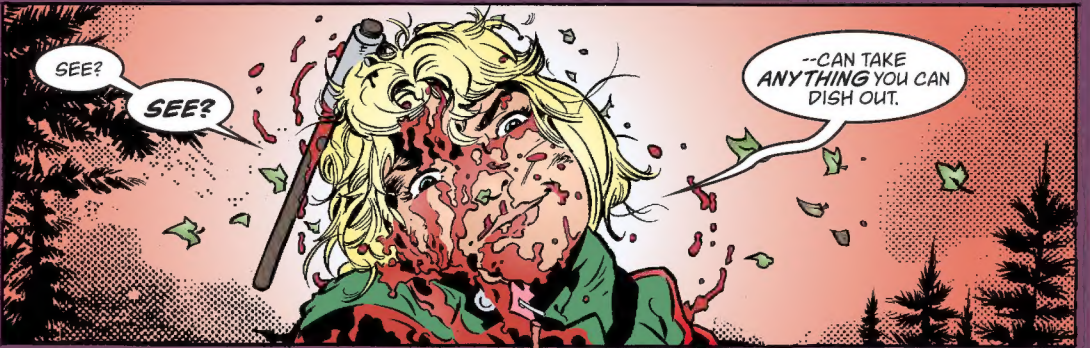
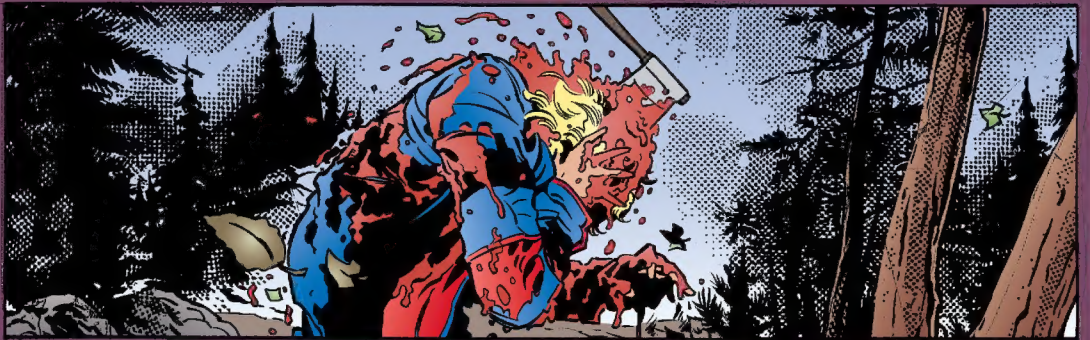


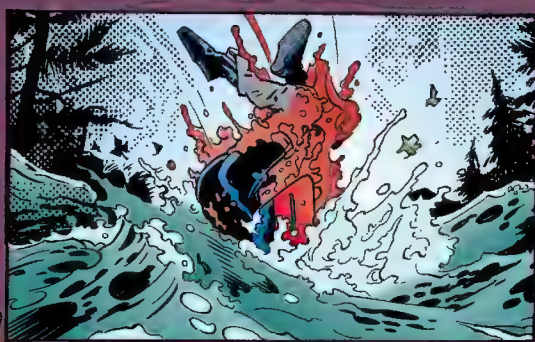
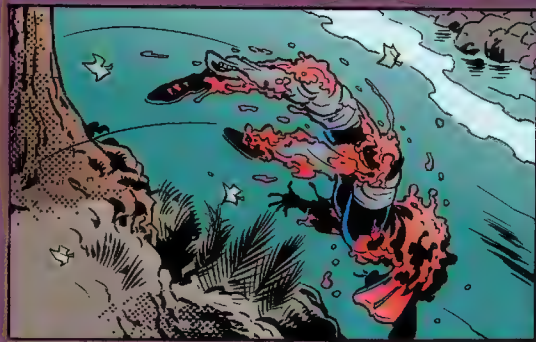


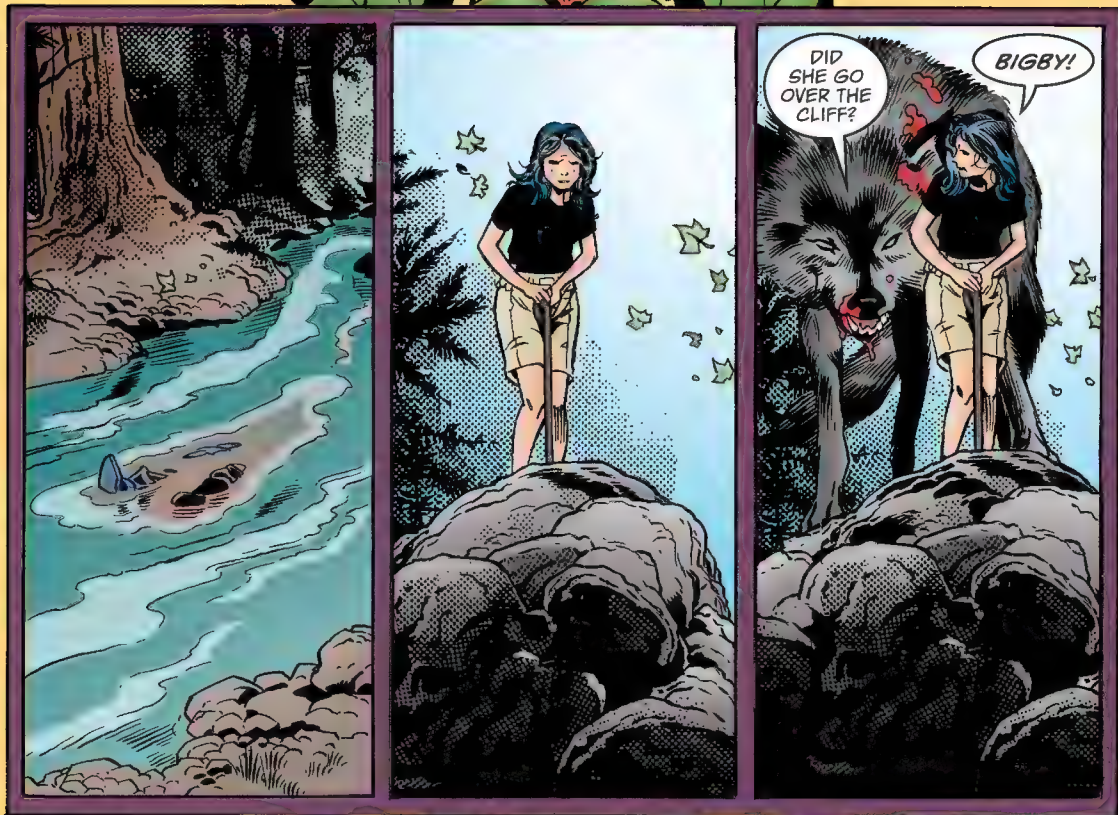


...OOPS...



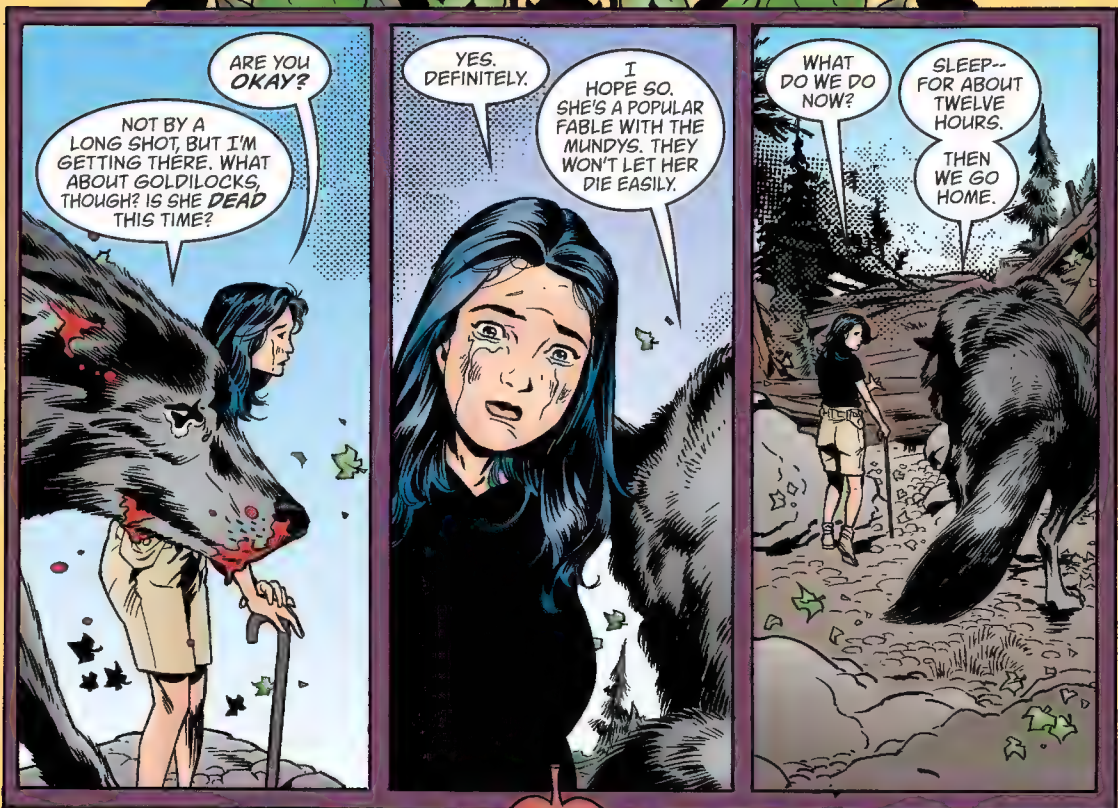






DID SHE GO OVER THE CLIFF?

BIGBY!



ARE YOU OKAY?

NOT BY A LONG SHOT, BUT I'M GETTING THERE. WHAT ABOUT GOLDILOCKS, THOUGH? IS SHE DEAD THIS TIME?

YES, DEFINITELY.

I HOPE SO. SHE'S A POPULAR FABLE WITH THE MUNDYS. THEY WON'T LET HER DIE EASILY.

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SLEEP-- FOR ABOUT TWELVE HOURS. THEN WE GO HOME.



THE NEXT DAY...

GOOD MORNING, MISS MUFFET.

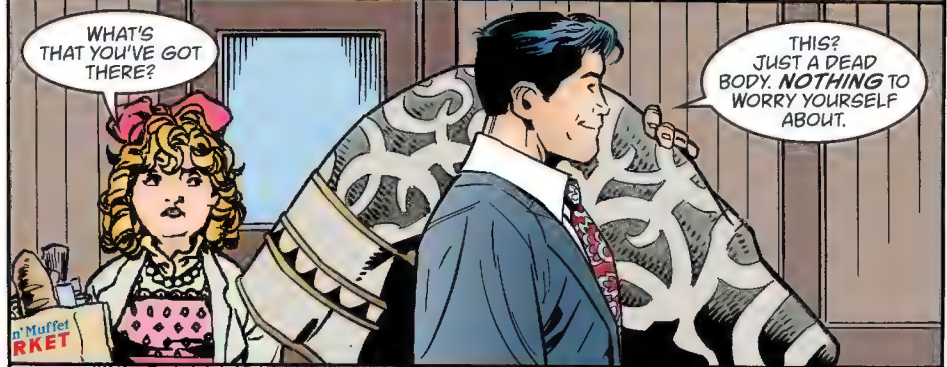


HOW ARE YOU ON THIS GLORIOUS DAY?



IT'S MRS. WEB NOW.

IS IT? FORGIVE ME, BUT I'VE STILL GOT SO MUCH LOCAL NEWS AND GOSSIP TO CATCH UP ON. BELATED CONGRATULATIONS.

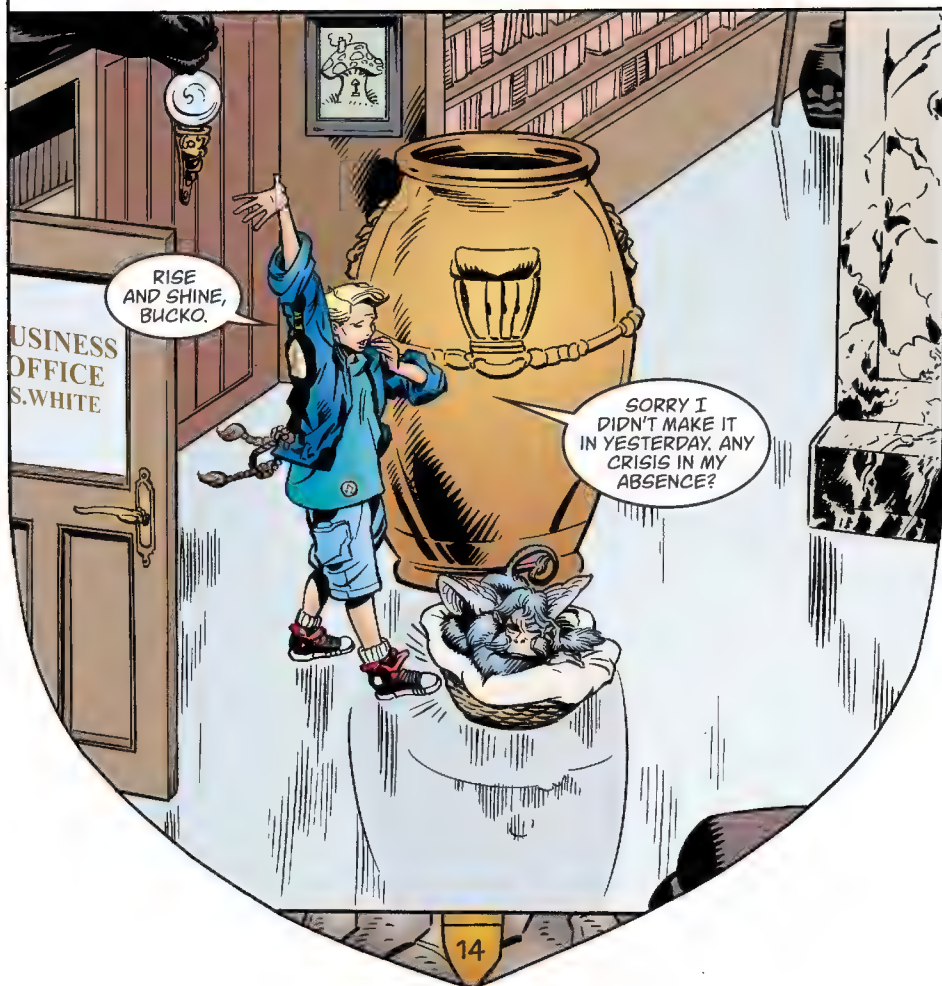
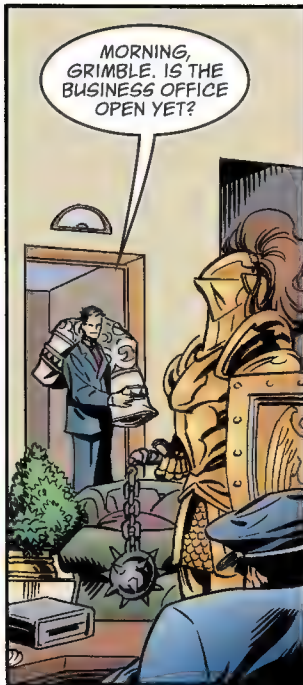


WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT THERE?

THIS? JUST A DEAD BODY. NOTHING TO WORRY YOURSELF ABOUT.



DO ENJOY THE DAY, MRS. WEB.





NOPE. ALL'S WELL IN BUFKINTOWN.

EXCUSE ME? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I CHANGED THE NAME WHILE I WAS IN CHARGE.



GET TO WORK, MONKEY.

GOOD MORNING, BLUE BOY. RING THE MAYOR AND TELL HIM HE'LL WANT TO COME DOWN HERE LICKETY-SPLIT.



NO WAY! KING COLE NEVER COMES DOWN HERE.

WHAT'S THAT?

BLUEBEARD'S CORPSE. I MURDERED HIM YESTERDAY. AND NOW I'M GOING TO DUMP HIM DOWN THE WITCHING WELL TO HIDE THE EVIDENCE.



I SUSPECT KING COLE WILL WANT TO KNOW WHY. CALL HIM. YOU'LL SEE.

I'M NOT SURE YOU SHOULD BE DUMPING BODIES ANYWHERE, Y'GRACE.

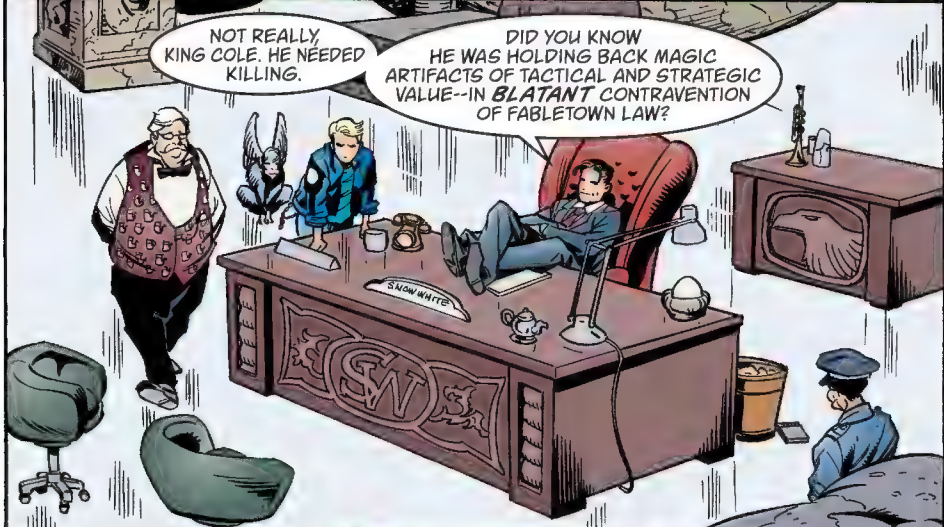
POSSIBLY SO, AND YET I INTEND TO DO JUST THAT. COME GIVE ME A HAND, WON'T YOU?

THERE'S A GOOD MAN.



JUST ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

TERRIBLE THING! MONSTROUS!



NOT REALLY, KING COLE. HE NEEDED KILLING.

DID YOU KNOW HE WAS HOLDING BACK MAGIC ARTIFACTS OF TACTICAL AND STRATEGIC VALUE--IN **BLATANT** CONTRAVENTION OF FABLETOWN LAW?



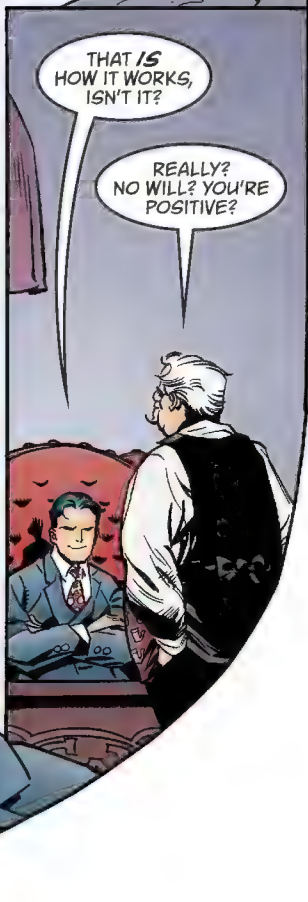
HE HAS A BLOODY ARSENAL IN THAT PLACE OF HIS--AND I'VE BARELY BEGUN TO ROOT OUT ALL OF HIS HIDEY-HOLES.

NOT THE POINT! WHAT HAPPENED TO DUE PROCESS? CAN'T JUST TAKE IT UPON YOURSELF TO KILL OUR **BIGGEST** ANNUAL CONTRIBUTOR!



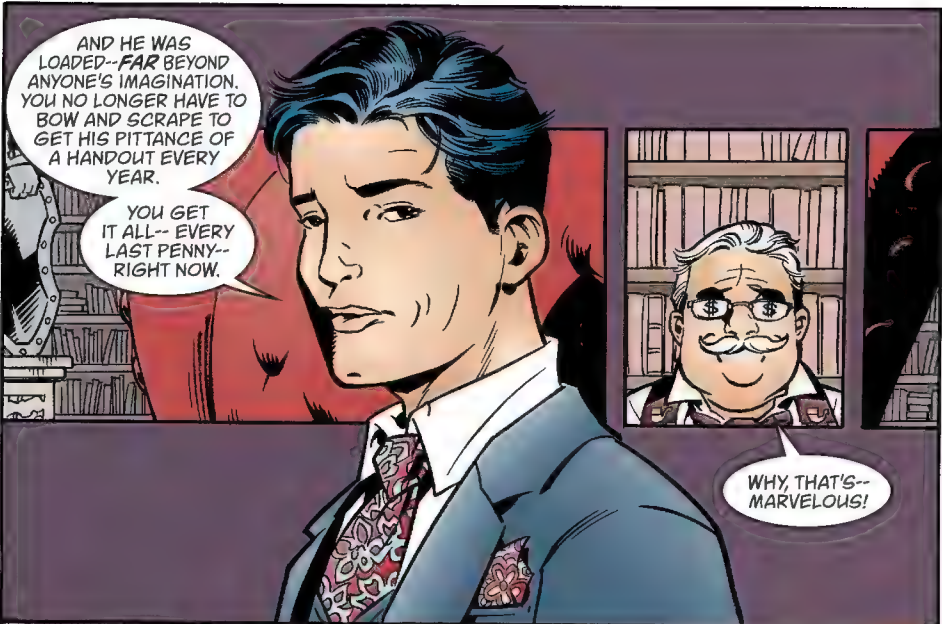
OH, IS THAT YOUR CONCERN? WELL, I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS FOR YOU, SIR.

NO DOUBT CERTAIN HE'D LIVE FOREVER, BLUEBEARD DIED WITHOUT LEAVING A WILL. THEREFORE, ALL OF HIS RICHES GO **DIRECTLY** TO FABLETOWN.



THAT *IS* HOW IT WORKS, ISN'T IT?

REALLY? NO WILL? YOU'RE POSITIVE?



AND HE WAS LOADED--*FAR* BEYOND ANYONE'S IMAGINATION. YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO BOW AND SCRAPE TO GET HIS PITTANCE OF A HANDOUT EVERY YEAR.

YOU GET IT ALL-- EVERY LAST PENNY-- RIGHT NOW.

WHY, THAT'S-- MARVELOUS!



STILL HAVE TO BE AN *OFFICIAL* HEARING, OF COURSE. STRICTLY A FORMALITY. BUT BEST TO DO THINGS CORRECTLY.

THEN I SUGGEST WE SHOULD HAVE IT NOW, BEFORE SNOW AND BIGBY RETURN.



YOU KNOW THEY'LL TRY TO DRAG THINGS OUT--NEEDLESSLY COMPLICATING EVERYTHING.

COMING BACK? TRULY? YOU HEARD FROM THEM?



YES SIR, THEY CALLED ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO. THEY'RE STUCK AT SOME LOGGING CAMP NOW, BUT THEY PLAN TO CATCH A PLANE BACK HERE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

TURNING OUT TO BE A GREAT DAY INDEED!

GLORIOUS!

LATER STILL THAT DAY...

WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU FOR FLYING WITH US THIS EVENING, AND LET US BE THE FIRST TO WELCOME YOU TO NEW YORK'S LAGUARDIA AIRPORT.

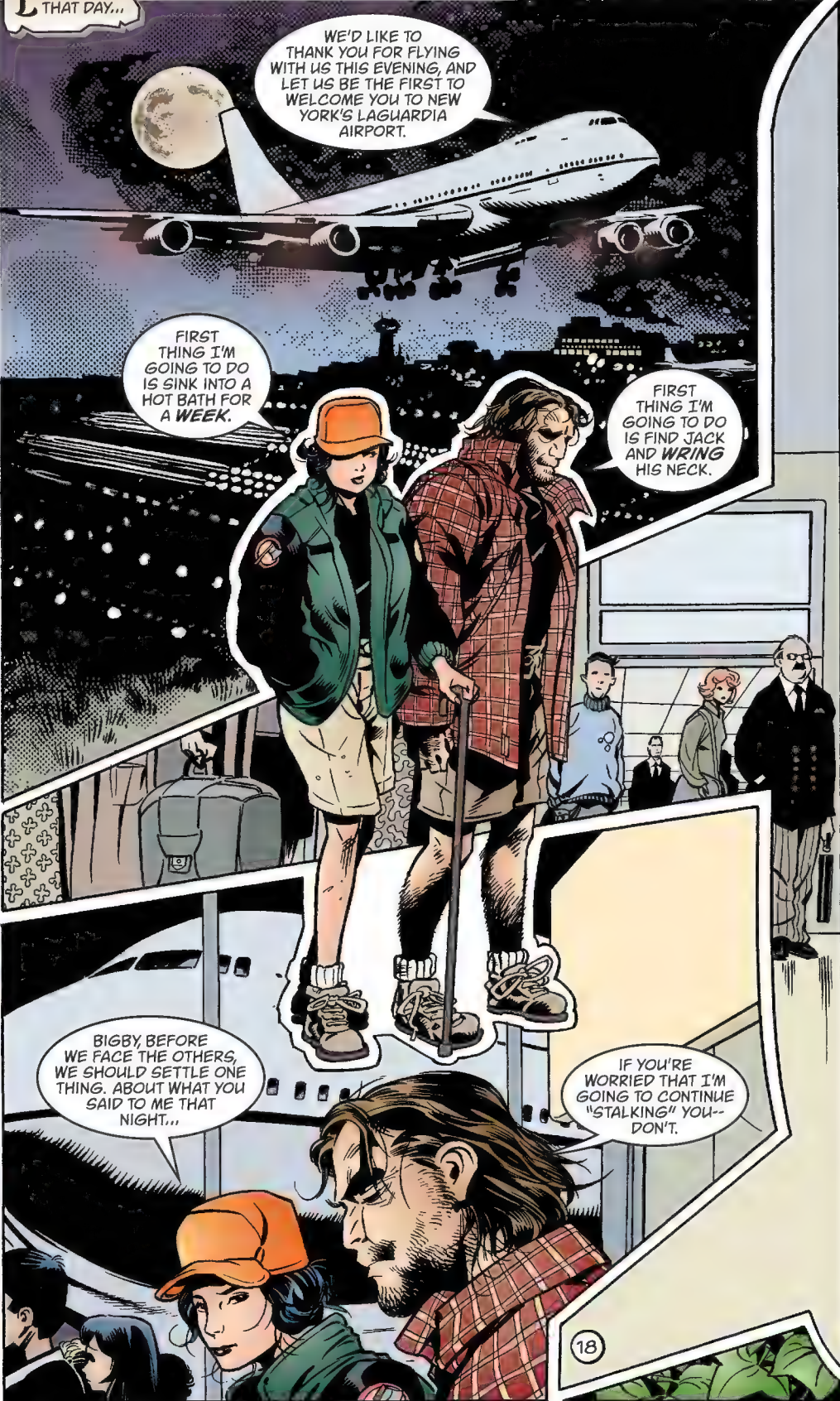
FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS SINK INTO A HOT BATH FOR A WEEK.

FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS FIND JACK AND WRING HIS NECK.

BIGBY, BEFORE WE FACE THE OTHERS, WE SHOULD SETTLE ONE THING. ABOUT WHAT YOU SAID TO ME THAT NIGHT...

IF YOU'RE WORRIED THAT I'M GOING TO CONTINUE "STALKING" YOU-- DON'T.

- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 
- 



I CAN EASILY MOVE OUT OF THE WOODLAND, IF IT BOTHERS YOU SO MUCH.

NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT AND NOT WHAT I WANT.

WE HAD TO RELY ON EACH OTHER OUT THERE, FOR OUR VERY LIVES, AND WE ENDED UP SAVING EACH OTHER. BY ANY STANDARD, WE'RE CLOSER NOW THAN WE'VE EVER BEEN.

OKAY, NOW I'M CONFUSED. WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, SNOW?

I'M NOT THE KIND OF WOMAN TO BE FLATTERED BY SOMEONE WHO TRICKS ME INTO GOING TO A DANCE WITH HIM, BY CLAIMING IT WILL HELP SOLVE MY SISTER'S MURDER.

BUT IF SOME STRAIGHTFORWARD, NICE GUY WERE TO ASK ME OUT TO DINNER OR A MOVIE, SOMETIME NEXT WEEK OR SO--AND HE WAS WILLING TO GO VERY SLOWLY...

WELL, I SURE WOULDN'T MIND A NIGHT OUT AMONG THE MUNDYS ONCE IN A WHILE.

I'LL BE DAMNED.





LIFE GOES ON.

YOU WORK FOR ME NOW, HOBBS, UNLESS OF COURSE, AS A NON-HUMAN FABLE WHOSE GLAMOUR IS ABOUT TO EXPIRE, YOU WOULD PREFER TO MOVE UP TO THE FARM?

I AM DEDICATED TO A LIFE OF SERVICE, SIR, AND YOU ARE A GENTLEMAN OF BREEDING.

GOOD. GLAD TO HEAR IT. WELCOME ABOARD. YOU'VE HITCHED YOUR WAGON TO A RISING STAR THIS TIME.

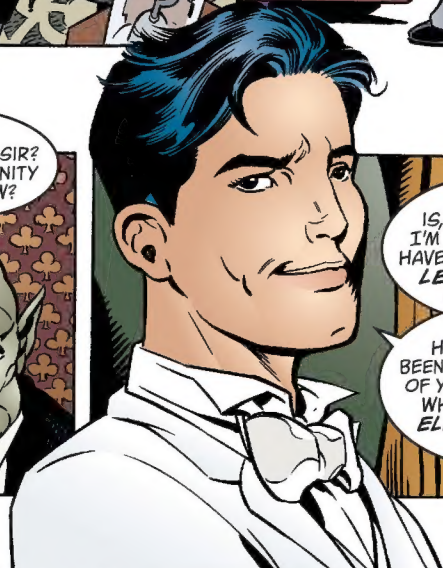
WHAT ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, SIR?



FIRST, I NEED TO GET MY HANDS ON YOUR FORMER MASTER'S FORTUNES.

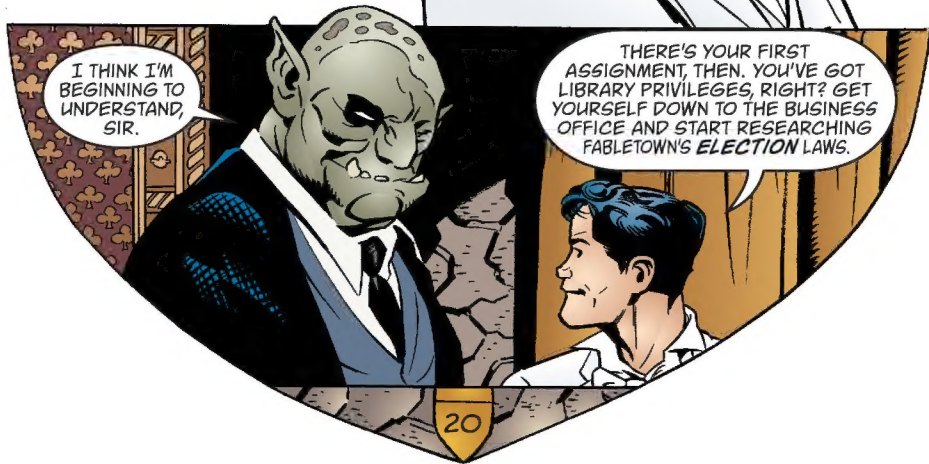


HOW IS THAT POSSIBLE, SIR? ISN'T IT COMMUNITY PROPERTY NOW?



YES IT IS, WHICH MEANS I'M JUST GOING TO HAVE TO BECOME THE LEADER OF THE COMMUNITY.

HOW LONG HAS KING COLE BEEN MAYOR--HUNDREDS OF YEARS, RIGHT? SO WHY NO REGULAR ELECTIONS IN ALL THAT TIME?



I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND, SIR.

THERE'S YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT, THEN. YOU'VE GOT LIBRARY PRIVILEGES, RIGHT? GET YOURSELF DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE AND START RESEARCHING FABLETOWN'S ELECTION LAWS.

NO, NO
MEDICATIONS ARE
NECESSARY, MISS WHITE.
YOU'LL WANT TO EXERCISE
EVERY DAY, BUT DON'T
OVERDO IT.

OTHER
THAN THAT, EAT
WHEN YOU'RE HUNGRY,
SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE TIRED,
AND EAT SODA CRACKERS
TO SETTLE YOUR
STOMACH.

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR SWINEHEART.
GOODBYE NOW.

I GUESS
CONGRATULATIONS
ARE IN ORDER. COME
AND SEE ME IN A FEW
WEEKS FOR A
FOLLOW-UP.

**BIGBY? GET
YOUR TRAITOROUS
ASS UP TO MY APART-
MENT IN THE NEXT FIVE
MINUTES! I DON'T CARE
IF YOU'RE BUSY! MOVE
IT OR LOSE IT!**



FOUR MINUTES AND FIFTY-FOUR SECONDS LATER...

--THREW UP THIS MORNING, YESTERDAY MORNING, AND THE DAY BEFORE!

OH MY GOD, YOU'RE PREGNANT? I'M GOING TO BE A FATHER?



DON'T YOU DARE BE HAPPY ABOUT THIS! YOU TOLD ME WE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! YOU SAID YOU SLEPT OUTSIDE!

HOW WOULD I KNOW? I HAVE NO MEMORIES OF THE TIME WE WERE BOTH UNDER THE SPELL! DO YOU? HOW DOES THIS BECOME MY FAULT?

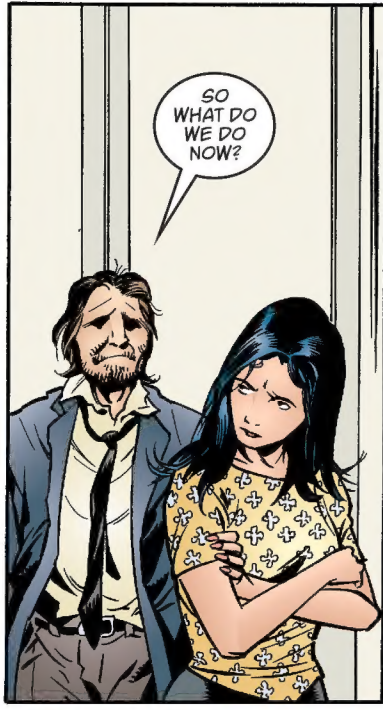


MAYBE IT WAS YOU WHO SEDUCED ME! DID YOU CONSIDER THAT?

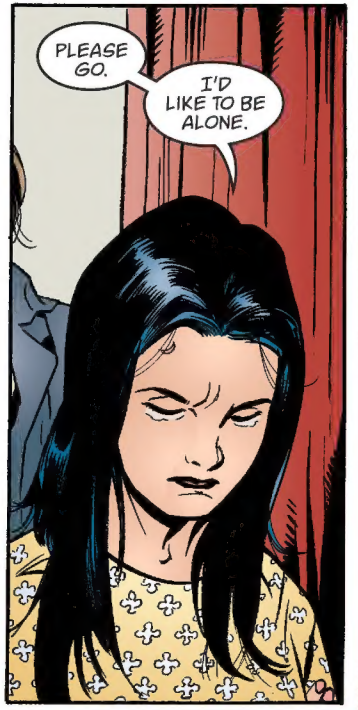
YOU LIED TO ME! YOU'VE GOT ALL THOSE SPECIAL SENSES YOU'RE ALWAYS BOASTING ABOUT, SO YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN WHAT WE DID AS SOON AS WE CAME TO, BUT YOU HIDDEN IT!



I TOLD YOU WHAT YOU NEEDED TO HEAR IN ORDER TO STAY CALM AND FOCUSED IN A DANGEROUS SITUATION.



SO WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



PLEASE GO.

I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE.



NATHAN